

## Yearning

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by [anabridge](#)

## Summary

A month after the fall, Will becomes frustrated with Hannibal's lack of attention to his arousal. Hannibal has been attentive to every single one of his wounds but hasn't glanced twice at the aching pain between his legs.

## Notes

More Hannigram on my Twitter [@hannabitchwill](#)

A month after the fall, Will becomes frustrated with Hannibal's lack of attention to his arousal. Hannibal has been attentive to every single one of his wounds but hasn't glanced twice at the aching pain between his legs

Surely the one person who has ever truly understood him would relieve Will of his misery?

Early one morning, Will wakes to the feeling of his pulsing arousal nestled between Hannibal's cheeks. He's nearly mortified to see that in his sleep, Will sought out the nearest source of heat that he could thrust against. He can't tell based on Hannibal's calm breathing whether he's sleeping or just holding his breath. Either way, Will cannot bear the ache any longer.

"Hannibal, please, it hurts so bad," he whimpers into his ear. Hannibal opens his eyes to look directly at Will, a pained expression across his face. He looks conflicted about whether or not he should reach out and touch Will.

As he glances into the hazel depths of the only person who has ever truly seen him, Will finally understands.

This fearless, intelligent man who undeniably loves Will is scared. So many times Hannibal has gently reached out to Will, only to stab him or mark him in some way.

Even as he healed the bullet wound Chiyoh left on his shoulder, Hannibal remained clinical in his touch and worked roughly and quickly to bandage Will before he passed out.

Will yearns for this man's touch.

Surely after three years apart and after his Becoming, Hannibal would understand that Will truly wants him in this way?

However, at this moment, Hannibal is scared. Scared of reaching out and causing harm to Will once again. Will reaches a hand out to grasp Hannibal's wrist on the pillow and directs it down between his legs. "Hannibal, please touch me." Will quakes as Hannibal's hand skims along the scar on his abdomen and travels down to the dark patch of hair between his legs.

"I'm a man of many tastes, Will. I desire much more than just your pleasure," Hannibal says, right before he rakes a sharp set of nails up until Will's aching length. Will can't stop the moan that escapes his lips.

No, it wasn't Hannibal's fear of harming Will that held him back, it was his hunger. Hannibal wants to hurt him, he just doesn't know yet that Will craves the pain he inflicts just as much.

Will's eyes travel along the hard ridges of Hannibal's chest to see the peaked, dusty rose nipples and blushes. As he glances lower, Will is pleased to see that Hannibal is fully erect and leaking.

Then, sea-blue eyes meet the gaze of a man who has fully surrendered his life and love to Will. Will knows that this is what he wants, Hannibal is who he wants, and he couldn't bear

to live without it. He reaches a hand up to choke tightly around his beloved's neck.

“Do it, Hannibal, hurt me. Take what's yours.”

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